

SUBHUMAN

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& video kulture

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SLEAZIEST ISSUE YET!

for mature readers

SUB HUMAN

no. 10

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**SLEAZIEST ISSUE
YET!**



In dreams, I walk with you



In dreams, I talk to you



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MAILBAG

You miserable trash rag. You lowly, bile-coated, maggot-infested compilation of brain-damaged deficit number- 10 hacks scribbling their twisted, pathetic concepts of film criticism onto guests' vomit-stained scrolls not fit to wrap rotting trout in. You...oh shit, wait a sec...damn, I'm sorry, that was the rough draft of my letter to Cinefantastique, my fault.

However, in all seriousness, I felt like I had to write and tell you how much I love Subhuman (which for me, rivals Shock, Impact and Slamming as the best sleaze-oriented fanzine around today). Considering your deviant interests and warped sense of humor, you guys seem surprisingly literate and responsible. It's refreshing to read trash film fans like myself who actually seem to know what the hell they're talking about, instead of those that just drone on endlessly about the film's best decapitation scene....

Travis W. Crawford
Claymont, DE

Subhuman #9 continues the weirdness and that's the way I like it. I didn't care for Glipin's Fiction review but he and everyone else knows how much I hate (an fiction)...Greg's walk thru the mainstream was indeed a breath of fresh air. Unfortunately, he's 100% correct on the subject of child abuse rivaling the horrors of anything supernatural. I suspect Goodesell's excellent writing makes FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC sound much better than it really is.

Craig Ledbetter
Kingwood, TX

I'm curious to know who your second favorite breast star of 1987 was? Though Sam Fox was a superb choice, I found myself torn to that little bundle of energy Lisa Lisa (without Galt Jam), who has recently attained the bad habit of wearing clothes one size too big (color black, no lace). You have to check out her early videos to catch her force! You left out another breast celebrity of 1987. That's right, your own multi-talented Dawn Doyle. (She is the one on page three, second from the left in your Cleavage editorial in #8, right?) Waaa'n't she in SUPERVIXENS? I knew it. Please feature the luscious and creamy (Hrrr? Sister? Mother?) Dawn Doyle in a future issue (at least a centerfold). I also feel a particular affinity for Goodesell's "In A Dark Place..." article. I too, have felt a certain lethargy creep up on me toward recent exploitation fare. Bored at throwaway nudity and the plastic pore, I ventured into TV exploitation with SHATTERED INNOCENCE, hoping hoping they will raise the art of the tease (since television can only suggest). Did you catch that Frontline special on PBS on Shaun Grant? Well, Shattered followed that pretty closely. The Flick did have its' amusing parts. With Shaun, I mean Pauline, sniffing cocaine to lose and control her weight problem. But it quickly degenerated. As for the X-rated fare presented within the movie, it was as racy as the latest Disney special. With everyone dressed in 1933 robes, covering every inch of flesh. So much for the art of tease....

Cris Miranda
Morwalk, CT

(some) FILMS by WOMEN

by Greg Goodsell

Roberta Findlay, Doris Wishman, June Ormond, Stephanie Rothman . . . all women connected to exploitation films. While these filmmakers have worked in an area dominated by men, it still seems that women in exploitation function mostly as decoration in front of the camera and as lowly gangster molls behind the camera. Schlock director T.V. Mikels of **ASTRO ZOMBIES** fame, states he has a stable of young women who live with him who want to break into the film biz, who act basically as "go-fers." "If I have a girl who wants to break into the business, fine, I help all I can. If not, well . . ." Yeah, su-ure Ted.

Well shut mah mouf, down at the video shoppe I unearthed a film that is actually the product of Mikels' "castle wives," . . . **KNEE DANCING**. Directed by Doreen Ross, it tells the surrealistic voyage of Laura, the film's heroine, as she evolves from go-go dancer to college student to divorced woman and back again. Since I rented this at a Third World video store emporium, I can only wonder what the reaction of the Korean families who rent this blind as part of the store's 94¢ special promotion will be. **KNEE DANCING** is arty as all fuck. Y'know those things they show on public television as part of their "important-young-directors-who-weasel-grants-from-sympathetic-parties series?" **KNEE DANCING** is several steps further removed from those indulgences, one of the few films I've seen with almost no linear structure yet manages to tell a cohesive story.

The film's heroine begins the film trapped in an airport waiting terminal. Constantly paged to the courtesy telephone, she is informed no one has called for her. She begins to question her own sanity as she collapses in the ladies' room, reliving her life in flashbacks. The film traces her background as an abused child used sexually by her dirtbag father. **KNEE DANCING** doesn't pull back, bravely showing full frontal nudity in the context of the film's incest theme. Unlike other feminist works, **DANCING** shows Laura just as much a victim of what she does to herself as what men do to her — she rejects a loving relationship from a young music student, the only caring individual in the story, male or otherwise. Extremely ambitious for its budget (doubt if they had enough to pay for the film stock), the film features an impressive, expressionistic set for the air terminal, a white-on-white futuristic nightmare instantly recognizable to air travelers.

KNEE DANCING is very good at what it is, but is done in due to technical incompetence. Blame lays solely on T.V. Mikels' shoulders, who serves as director of photography, his night-scenes filmed as if at the bottom of a coal shaft as seen in his **BLOOD ORGY OF THE SHE DEVILS**, et al. Worth a look.

Women filmmakers also find their niche in documentary filmmaking, a genre hotly reserved for sympathetic audiences, forsaking the rigors demanded by commercial product. One such documentary that strays firmly into **SUBHUMAN** territory is **RATE IT X**, a feminist lesbian look at pornography and sexism in the media. **RATE IT X** pulls every dirty trick out of the documentary filmmaker's handbag; it offers no dissenting views, edits interviewees to make them appear stupid, and naturally — only shows men. It's one thing to show an unwashed perv in an adult bookstore saying how women like to "be roughed up a little bit." How about showing female porn stars defending their profession? Lordy knows it takes more than one sex to create most porno. **RATE IT X** gives pathetic human slug Joel M. Reed one

more opportunity to rant about his **BLOODSUCKING FREAKS** and how it was shut down by the Women Against Pornography people a trillion years ago. After some clips of the human dartboard scene, the action cuts to the Eighth Street Playhouse, said theatre that was picketed as the manager details the box office grosses that week. If I recall, this theatre showed the **ILSA** series on alternating weekends. Why didn't these women give space to this exemplary role model?

RATE IT X does earn its credibility in the final scenes showing the cartoonist of **HUSTLER** magazine's "Chester the Molester" playing with his own infant daughter (significantly the only female shown in the film other than the women depicted in the porn material and the disembodied white-gloved hands of the filmmakers). It's chilling seeing the old Chester cartoons juxtaposed with scenes of the artist with this daughter, innocent lines as "stop that, listen to daddy" taking on the guidelines set forth by Gloria Steinem in an early issue of Ms. magazine: if a woman writes it, it's erotica. When a man writes it, it's pornography.

HEAVEN is another documentary made by a women, i.e. Diane Keaton, star of Woody Allen's **ANNIE HALL**, **MANHATTAN**, etc. Prior to making the widely seen rock video of Belinda Carlisle's "Heaven is a Place On Earth," it was widely ignored. Out on video, it's easy to see why it vanished without a trace. It's bad. **REAL** bad. But now out on video, I find myself rewinding it and playing my favorite parts over and over again like this week's faddy disco single. It's a perverse little film that thinks it has nothing to do with **FACES OF DEATH** or **SHOCKING ASIA** when they are in fact close relations. Foremost, it's a documentary all about **DEATH**. Death, death, death, death. Keaton strives for a twee and artsy presentation but can't disguise the fact that **HEAVEN** is as cruel and exploitive as it gets.

Gathering weirdos into a spacy art gallery, Keaton fields questions and thoughts on the great beyond with the subtlety of a flying pickaxe. Love the scene where she shows an old lady who kicked the bucket three weeks after shooting completed, saying "I'm not afraid to die!" while the camera doesn't leave her face until we see her flinch.

Keaton roped a motley assortment of misfits and wackos who believe in an after-life, presenting them in an even more unflattering light, her attitude being, "geeze, what a motley assortment of misfits and wackos! And you thought my Annie Hall was fucked up!" Clips from **METROPOLIS**, **GREEN PASTURES**, **STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN** are cut in so ineptly it looks like the eleventh hour work of a late night cable television show ill-prepared to come up with a Friday or Saturday night wallpaper for messed-up partygoers.

From one of America's highest lauded actresses comes a pseudo-documentary that's every bit as facile, ugly, abrasive, exploitive, worthless, and irritating as any installment in the **FACES OF DEATH** series.

I know that's why I like it so well.

(This article is dedicated to Leni Riefenstahl.)

**SUB
HUMAN**

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PUNISHMENT of ANNE

review by Dave Szurek



I know what you're saying - "Watching this flick proves my long-held theory that Dave Szurek is a sexual geek", and I can imagine the guffaws when I say I came by this almost by accident and viewed it out of curiosity. Like the guy who reads PLAYBOY for the articles, eh? Yeah, well it may surprise some of you to know that during the period of my "sexual awakening" - you know, that era when they claim most people undergo bisexuality? - I was inclined to S+M fantasies. At the same time, I was not a "cruel" person, so I looked around for a nice confirmed masochist for whom what the "average" person calls pain was a pleasurable form of foreplay and not having encountered one who also pushed the correct emotional buttons (I did not wish to gamble with wishful thinking, so her tastes in that area had to be confirmed, self-acknowledged and out in the open). Before reaching adulthood when the desires vanished, I spent a good portion of my teen years jerking off. Still, I've maintained a "clinical" (yeah, go ahead and laugh) interest in the subject and when a friend of mine whose video outlet was closed for several days of "alterations" showed up suggesting a "trade", I was stunned to find a copy of Radley Metzger's S+M ditty in his possession. Bringing this up to him, he sheepishly replied that he had given the clerk the wrong number and taken home a flick he didn't want. Figuring that it might be "fun" to see what would have turned me on as a kid and to see how the subject matter was handled - most filmmakers who've dealt with this have shown an amazing lack of understanding of what it's about - Metzger seems no exception, throws in a terribly misogynistic attitude which is not necessarily part of the trip or attempted to seek S+M as something else altogether (refer to MCINTOCKE, KISS ME RATE, etc), I decided to give it a tumble. Likely story, right? Hey, I can't help it if you think I'm trying to sell myself.

Metzger blew it. He seems to be trying to exploit S+M tastes while having no empathy for those tastes whatsoever, flying blind with a reliance on what "others" have told him. The result is one of the blindest, least stimulating things to ever receive an X rating. I tried reviving the early adolescent mentality and I still couldn't see getting an erection, even though the woman who plays Anne (Mary Maudlin) is one of the most gorgeous actresses I've seen in awhile and exhibits enough dramatic skill to probably rise above the porn market. Actually, the whole damn cast - including a male lead who looks almost identical to David A. Hess but is a better actor than he (sorry, Hess fans) - is head and shoulders above what is usually seen in these things. The production values too, are of a higher caliber than usual, except when it comes to the wildly unconvincing simulated sex and sadism scenes. One "speaking" for instance, is so obviously faked that it's hard not to laugh. A few other scenes show shocking naivete about what turns S+M freaks on.

PLOT concerns a journalist who returns home after a long absence to find that his wife has taken on Anne, a lesbian lover deceptively fitting the "cult-feminine" stereotype on the surface. It doesn't take long until he learns that Anne is a masochist (albeit an extremely unconvincing one who constantly radiates displeasure but always comes back for more) whom his wife has been keeping around to satisfy her misogynistic impulses. Seems he too goes in for sadism, so they join together as a threesome. From that point on, there is no real plot but turn-ons are almost as scarce, as the marriage constantly mistreats Anne - usually mentally (ironically, film does not have a particularly men-spirited atmosphere) and in rather mild efforts at "humiliating" her. Time is taken out for coerced off-screen sex with hubby, the forced holding of urine, a thorny rose up the female groin/ere, spankings so tame and ineptly executed that one forgets they existed ten seconds after watching them, groin-grabbing in public and the greatest indignity of all - bathing by external hands. Obviously, this is a slice of life among the kinky orgy set but since the audience never gets involved and walks away with a feeling of emptiness and regret that so much film was wasted, what's the point?

THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE is more successful as a drama than as porn. Although generally restricted to "adult only" sections of video stores and although once the initial plot has been established remarkably single-minded and even relentless, this may be one of the few skin flicks responsible for not a single erection. Don't waste your money if you're so inclined, you can think up better fantasies in your (and his) head.



CONFESSIONS of a PORN CINEMATOGRAPHER

Interview by Kris Gilpin



While working as the apprentice film editor on MGM's *In the Heat of the Night* (for television), I met an assistant editor in an adjacent cutting room (he was working on an action series for an independent network). My new friend, who did not wish to be identified in this interview (let's just call him Mr. X, shall we?), is a very funny fellow, and I found we had many interests in common, such as British comedy (*The Goon Show*, *Barak & Clegg*) and film noir record shops. The convo somehow got around to porno, so I discovered he had shot a loose, silent John Holmes epic in the late 60's (I had written four porno books in early 1980 in New York City--where else?--but that, as Godsd the Barbarian might grant, is another story). Well, I knew it was subliminal material I'd overheard it! So, in the interest of our wanting to subject you, gentle reader, to the very depths of human degradation and depravity, it was in that spirit this interview was conducted.

Also of note is that this talk took place on the evening of March 18th, 1988--two days before Holmes died of complications from AIDS.

Kris Gilpin: So how'd you get this job?

Mr. X: I knew the director's sister [he did not wish to name him]; I got involved in shooting a natural birth; she had introduced me to this couple who wanted to have a natural birth photographed, which I did for them. This sister's brother saw the film, loved my photography and asked me if I'd do this [porno film] for him. I was out of money at the time, I had no job, and it meant working Friday night, all day Saturday and all day Sunday. And I got a nice price for it. Then he asked me to cut the film which I refused to do, so he did it. Then asked me to come in once in awhile to look at some of his cutting. Then I was no longer involved with it; in fact, I never saw the finished print of the film. Then that was the first I ever heard of him he never called me again, and I don't know what ever happened to him.

GG: So at the time you were making a living as a photographer?

Mr. X: A cinematographer, yes; I was mainly involved at the time in shooting educational films for high school and college kids, such as anti drug films and films about prejudice, freedom films. This was in Hollywood.

GG: You shot this porno flick, called *Barney*, in two days and one night, you know. How much did they pay you?

Mr. X: \$1000.

GG: What was the director like to work with?

Mr. X: He was O.K. He was a nice guy; he didn't push me around, or anybody else.

GG: What was John Holmes like?

Mr. X: A snob, not very nice and arrogant.

GG: A "big prick," so to speak.

Mr. X: Yeah, there you go [chuckles]; I really didn't care too much for his personality. There were certain scenes in which the director would ask him, "Could we do this again?" And he'd answer, "No, that's it; that's good enough." Like a couple of blow-job scenes the director wanted done a certain way, or done over. Holmes hadn't come yet, but he said, "No no, that's good enough; you got it. Let's go." In fact, I was on a [camera] crane, and he'd just walk under me, saying, "No, I gotta go." But yet, he got his money.

GG: What's your reaction to the news he's [then] dying of AIDS?

Mr. X: Well, I really couldn't care less about him, because I really don't approve of what he made his living at; from what I was told, he'd been doing this ever since he was 16, and that's all he did. He started out posing for stills, gradually went into films, then started producing and directing some of his own. So I have no sympathy for him. He's gone AC/DC.

GG: Any other "big" names in the cast?

Mr. Z: No, but there was a lot of other people, and there was a married couple of performers who'd been in other pornos and had done a lot of still work. There were about five to eight women--I can't remember that far back--the same with men. One young man was 18, and the women were up to their late 30's. He even had some transsexuals; we just photographed them; we didn't show them having sex. There were two men who had breasts and small penises and testicles; one man had already had his operation, so he had breasts, and and had his penis and testicles removed.

EG: He already had a vagina?

Mr. Z: Yes, and it was...very ugly. We shot the transsexuals on a bed, playing with themselves; most of them were alone. Some of the women had very large clitorises and we showed how they protruded out of their vaginas [Dear reader, does it make you feel dirty reading this? Because it makes me feel unclear just to type it - E.O.]. And of course we had them just showing different sizes and shapes [of vaginas], which they'd open and close, and I'd have to zoom into them. The transsexuals were mainly just standing and posing, just to show you what they looked like. That was the whole premise of Enjoy; no matter what you look like or how you're shaped, you can still enjoy sex. And then we had guys just standing, showing the different sizes of their flaccid penises, and then they'd have different sizes of erections; the camera was not on when a woman, who was hired just for this purpose, would suck them to an erection. Then she'd get out of camera range, so you saw them before and after [erections].

EG: But this was hard-core, right?

Mr. Z: Oh yes, we had a few couples fucking. The main thing was showing Holmes off. And we had a girl who was made to look like a teenager; she had braids I'll never forget. I panned from Holmes's face down to his dick,



TOP LEFT: GAY AND PROMISCUOUS
--Newbury, 1980s.

From 1987, "Queen of a Porn Queen" tells the story of a Minnesota brought her to pornography studios, and her sexual abuse. With her family, friends and contacts, she was in 1983. Collins' exploits were covered on TV for months and led her small town in Southern California. By 1985, she had appeared in some 100 pornographic magazines and numerous TV and film under the name Shanna Guard. In 1986, at the age of 25, she played and hosted "Queen".

and she was sucking him off. Then there was this 18-year old kid who had a small penis to begin with, but then they put ice cubes behind his balls to make it even smaller. It was to show a comparison because this 18-year old and John Holmes standing next to each other was just a sight to be seen. And, backtracking now, the man who was made into a woman was really a strange-looking human because he had breasts that looked like a fat man's-- maybe a little bit bigger--and and he had a woman's hair. Then when I had to photograph his--or her--vagina it was just not normal looking, because it wasn't straight and clean; it was almost jagged and you could almost see the scar tissue. And yet he, guy, was married to a man who didn't know she'd had an operation; in fact, when we photographed this person, we had to put a pillowcase over his head--her head--its head.

EG: This sounds like one of those "old" film silent loops.

Mr. Z: Yes, with a music transfer, and I'd estimate it was between 45 minutes to one hour long. It was really underground. It was shot in a large loft, somewhere on Las Palmas Blvd near Hollywood Blvd. It was above a store and it was very, very large. In the beginning of the film we just showed you different forms--different sizes and shapes--of human beings; we got a lot of college people in. Then it ends with a whole big number with a man and a woman who really went through the whole number of foreplay and having sex. While he was screwing her we had a backdrop, a black cloth, behind their white bodies. Then he came too soon, so we had to stop and he had to replenish himself by eating raw eggs. Then we went back and they continued again and, before he came, we had to stop everything, take the black backdrop away and put up a white one. And then, from the same camera position, he came, and that was supposed to be the "climax".

EG: Did it feel awkward for you to shoot people fucking?



MR. X: Yeah, at first it was because I'd never done anything like that before, and it was a little bit embarrassing. There were the stagehands around of course, and there were about five elderly men sitting at a card table, watching, because they put up the money. Then we did a crane shot, straight down to the couple, then gradually craned down and around to their side view, got close-ups between their legs and of their hands and her breasts, then I zoomed in for the come shut. The first day I walked into the room, and off to the right there was this smaller room in which people were undressing and walking around nude. And one woman, who was fully dressed, was trimming pubic hairs on the men and the women so it'd look nice, then they had make-up put on their bodies. There was this young couple, boyfriend and girlfriend from UCLA; we showed him standing there in the nude, then he went and sat down while this girl blew him, with his girlfriend sitting right next to them. Then he said to the director, "I had an accident--he'd come in her mouth," and he didn't know he could get another hard-on. So his girlfriend volunteered to do it, but they wanted to do it in privacy, so they went into the bathroom and she gave him head. And the girl who was hired to give blow jobs was stripped to the waist; she had very large breasts, so while the guys were being sucked off they could play with her tits at the same time.

MR. X: Did you see anything else that shocked or disgusted you?

MR. X: The guy who'd already had his operation grommed so out, that was really unpleasant to look at, yet I had to get between the legs and photograph it as the vagina was being opened, and zoom into it. I had to make sure the light was getting in there to show what it looked like--it was not a pretty picture!

MR. X: Was there any other prime donna bullshit from the other factors?

MR. X: The young couple was actually married, and we'd take breaks every once in awhile where we'd get into this little room and sit around to talk. The young wife had already had a baby--I think he was around three years old--and she said that when the boy got old enough, she was gonna teach him all about sex, and that she was gonna have sex with him.

MR. X: Sick shit; she wanted to have sex with her son?!

MR. X: Not wanted to, but as sort of an educational thing; she'd be his first piece, to show the boy what it was all about. And the father agreed it was the best way, and that if they had a daughter, he'd do the same thing. Everybody sat around and mainly talked about their sexual attitudes and experiences; everyone there thought sex was a mess and, no matter how you did it, it was O.K.

MR. X: Any other stories? They ask you to make any sore files?

MR. X: The guy who rented the facilities to us came over and asked me, during one of the breaks, if I'd like to, and I said, "O.K., because I needed the money and I thought it could do again. So I went to see him but then I got a little scared because, sitting all around the walls, were men only--young men. That came as a bit of a jolt, because I've never wanted anything to do with homo-sexuals; I thought for sure it was gonna be men and women. And when I got there it was only men, and some of them were teenagers. I said to him, "I'm gonna get involved with this! The guy was kind of sorry, because he'd already seen some of my footage and he'd liked what I shot, and the way I shot it. But I said, "I'll not gonna do this," and I left, never to be seen or heard from again. And the director had liked what I'd done. I think he had the performers sign some sort of release saying it was okay with them to be photographed having sex. One of the women who applied the make-up was older but very well-preserved, and she giggled at the sex on a few occasions; it being without any sound, it was O.K. One cared; they liked her reaction. You

could see she was getting warmed up by it all; she was cute; it was fun to watch her. And to get the 18 year old, the director and one of the gaffers [electricians] went out on Hollywood Blvd and found a kid, paid him and brought him in. And while he was holding the ice cubes behind his balls, the kid kept saying, "You know, I may have a small cock but I do wait with the women; they like me because I'm good looking".

MR. X: What mace did you use in the credits?

MR. X: I did not have a credit; there was no credit as to who photographed the film.

MR. X: What was the one thing you walked away from the experience with?

MR. X: It made me feel as though I were in Hades, that it was something you sign one going on in Hades, with everyone walking around naked and having sex, and doing every little crazy thing there is to do with sex. It was a weird feeling because I'd never been involved with anything like that in my entire career, coming from shooting educational films, using teenagers and college students.

MR. X: Did it scare you, like you were going against God or something?

MR. X: I just look at it as experience. It was strange, and it's horrible; I did it. Not that I'm proud of it, but it's an experience that I did. And it's over with.

MR. X: Oh, yeah; I felt like I was doing something wrong but I thought, I can't help it; I need the money. In fact, months later when it was all over, I thought, Well, I can never do that again, and I hope that I'm never so down and out that I have to stoop so low again.

MR. X: If someone offered you some good bucks, would you do it again?

MR. X: Well, I'd have to give it a lot more thought. Maybe, you know, because it seems we're sort of lax those days about that. It's really hard for us to figure out, unless it happened. I don't know.

MR. X: What did you shoot after that?

MR. X: I went back into shooting more educational films for schools. Then I went to work for... a large company [laughter]. He seems a Soviet studio he doesn't like to name. I got back into the union, doing professional things until winding up a film editor, so there I stayed.

MR. X: Any last thoughts or words on that sordid weekend?

MR. X: I just look at it as experience. It was strange, and it's horrible; I did it. Not that I'm proud of it, but it's an experience that I did. And it's over with.



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BY UNCLE REMUS

WOT IN DE HELL IS DE BLOB DOWN IN ANNEVILLE, LOUISIANA? COUD IT
BE DE RITE TO HURE LANN NICH MAK IT E-Z TO NINE NON-ONION (no doubt)
OR IS IT DAT CAJUNE APEAL TO DE BLORE REFINED TASTE FEE CULTURAL
DELICATESIES I.E. "CAJUN AIA SLIMS" OR "CAJUN AIA MAPALM"? NO MATTER
CUD I BE GLAD DAT I GOT TO BE A PART OF DIS PRODUCTION, HE.

"OK! Back to your #1, and Camera Up!" Temperatures on the street during this
three-week location shoot were into the 20 degrees F and on several nights it
had a 17-degree wind chill factor (I bet they didn't count on this kind of
weather in Louisiana, even in January). The set was starting to look like a
hunters' convention with most of the crew walking around in insulated camouflage
overalls. Even Chuck Russell (Director) wore one on occasion.

I started in the second week of shooting in all places, "Wardrobe". Being as
I can't sew, instead of "Costumer", my official title was "Specialty Costume
Engineer" as given by Joseph Porro, Costume Designer (also for NEAR DARK, FRIGHT
NIGHT III). My functions were to maintain "Enviro Suits" used by Extras, Stuntmen
and two of the Principals. And believe me, they kept us busy. There were 25 white
suits, boots, helmets and back packs. 15 of these were for Extras, 4 for the 2
Principals (Jack Rader and Jon Secor). We kept 2 of these suits aside to be used
when they moved the set back to L.A. for the final shooting...they had to be
clean and fresh for continuity. The final 6 of these suits were used by the
Stuntmen; these suits really went thru the ringer. They had to be stripped of
batteries and lights continuously, depending on how complicated the stunt was.
Some stunts involving explosions and erupting arcnets required that the stuntmen
be thrown 15 feet up and about 20 feet backwards and truly put our talents and
the suits to the test. [We had to put a lot of extra foam padding in the helmets
and on the metal braces of the back packs] Our biggest problem with the suits
was that the face shields fogged heavily and rapidly due to the extreme cold,
causing the breath to condensate on the inside of the shields. This proved to be
a major problem on camera, and we tried everything that could be bought, borrowed
or stolen to defog glass or windshield of cars. We finally settled for "Ever-
clear" (No, not that 180 proof grain alcohol)...it was a stick of soft, clear wax
that when rubbed on to the shield and then wiped to a thin coat with cloth, gave
us 3 to 5 minutes of clear shields and allowed the shoot to go on. We were
constantly having to run onto the set and wipe these down while they were still on
their heads (when you see the movie, you'll understand whatta bitch this was to
do, especially when you had 10 to 15 of these white suits walking around for 12
hours a night). A lot of these suits were destroyed during the stunts, especially
those involving fire and multiple falls and spills; the stuntmen had to perform
every night and we had to make them last the full three weeks.

Highlights on this set were the lighting (this being mostly a night shooting;
the cast and the stunts. The lighting was "par excellence" and gave the set an
ambiance that when you cut off your peripheral vision of the scaffolding, cameras
and lights; it was as if you were watching three fuckin' movies, also in one
scene where they are shooting the inside of a mechanic's garage and it is supposed
to be late afternoon outside (it's really 3 in the fuckin' morning) and there I'm
sitting thinking it's light outside and I fell awake (for a moment). This being
my first time on a "real set", I found the sensation overwhelming; what can I say
but "I'm impressed".

The cast was highly qualified for the task at hand, updating the SD's class-
ic into the 80's, and that they did. They were Shawnee Smith (SUMMER SCHOOL) as
"Meg Penny the Mercine", Kevin Dillon (HEAVEN HELP US, PLATOON, REMOTE CONTROL)
as "Brian Flagg" the All American Anti-hero, Gregory Smith (DONOVAN's "yellow
pilot" son) as "Paul Taylor" all American High School Hero, Rocky Carl Golden
as "Scott Harkney" another all American High School Hero, Art LaFleur as "Mr.
Penny", Dui Cline as "Beverend Mucker" theotypical man of the cloth battent
on self fulfilling prophecy of Apocalypse, Paul McCrane (the weasel dick that
got melted by toxic waste in SCROOGE) as Briggs the Deputy Sheriff (Rayney Fife,
he ain't), Jon Secor (the Bluesman in CROSSROADS) as Howdoo the mad scientist

your two lor, Jack Nadel as Margie the Bird Jar Head for Special Forces against the Nihil, and Dean Williamson as Moss, Ace mechanic.

Two of the actors that stood out and were of particular interest to me were Joe Bonomo and Del Close. Joe's delivery of lines were incredible during a peak scene and was totally believable. Del Close as the Reverend, a not to alien-type but the South, fit the role accurately and his style seemed effortless and not forced.

This is going to be one helluva action version and de Rich be one bad Hofo. The stunt people had to work practically every set except most covered sets. They were Gary Hines, George Fisher, Mike DeLuna, Gil Combe (Kevin's stunt double), Steve Holliday, Rick Maugh, Janet Brady (Shannon's double), Rick Latovour, David Boston, Paul Sherrod and Fred Hines. All the stunt people served time as stunt patron. (non-descript bystander) during the panic and mayhem scenes, adding the many prat falls necessary to "make the pain look real". Kudos to these guys!

The truly amazing thing about this movie is that they put two very good genre directors together in one movie. Chuck Russell (NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET III) and Mark Levin (DEAD ZONE, VIOLENCE, THE FIL...a real Cronenberg kinda guy); these two guys are gonna dish out a cinematic treat to all you carnivorous calluloid junkies this July (projected release at the time) and with their collective track record, there should be no doubt as to the outcome of this feature.

Last but not least, my co-workers were Scott Thomlinson, Sanya Hays (Costume Supervisor), Garrett Reilly, Rayla Boudreaux, Suzanne Chailiot and my Wife...we flat worked our asses off.

Well, I blew a few horns and hopefully I didn't reveal any plot structures... there definitely was a veil of secrecy involving Press releases during the three weeks in Asheville but alas, I see an article in a Chicago fanzine slaggin' me and mine! like because I'm from Louisiana, I couldn't possibly have the right to write about my experiences or because I'm not the member of some fraternity

MINNIE & BREAK!...it's only a movie! Muff Said!

P.S. Use you this movie, spend your money, buy popcorn, get drinks, some snowcaps. Demand Nihil's, rent the video, bring your Grandee...the first movie scared the shit out of her. See if this one kills her. It's kinda wild, kinda Charlie.

The Scum People

By Elliot P. Ness
as reported to Kris Glipini

Dear ladies & gentleman, I sit here before you lor, rather, my Olympia manual with Creeping Bile of the Throat, no amount of fresh excrement can appropriately express the disgust I experienced at a recent Hollywood Boulevard screening of a new screaming Shit Flick. People were degraded to the level of Sub-animalistic ICro-Magnon species and blood, viscera, and human excrement ran rampant and in equal measure throughout the film's running time.

And that was only from the theater audience!

I knew I was in trouble upon approaching the box office of the tiny Wormhole Theater (constructed, apparently, in the in the early 1500's); therein sat a youngster (apparently female) of indeterminate age with two enlarged cold sores (at least I hope that's what they were) on her/his lips, giving the exaggerated mouth the appearance of a puckering aborigine.

I wiped off my ticket and handed it to the doorman, who seemed to be draining Niagra Falls from his nose; he kept picking and wiping at his flowing nostrils and I declined to take back my half of the ticket stub.

At the concession stand (which looked to have about half the populace of Southern California in front of it) I asked for an Orange Bang and a six-ounce box of something called Iris Rings (on sale for \$3.95); I saw to my horror that the concession man had an eye patch (his one good eye kept drawing to the bridge of his nose, as if to catch sight of the phantom eye that was no longer there), and kept running from spigot to spigot, frantically screaming, "Is this it? Is this it?" as he tried to track down the drink you wanted. The little children in the crowd (they were avirtual melting pot of pre-pubes-cence) were all laughing—and even spitting—at him, being urged on by their equally ridiculing parents; I even heard one mother in the crowd ask her little girl, "Look, Janey, aren't that man's eyes funny?" By that time, however, I was almost crying for this poor man, and I decided to cut out of the sea of sweating bodies and head for the bathroom (due to an old war wound, I have to urinate before and after each film I see, lest my water starts to seep from out of the pores in my thighs).





Upon entering the bathroom, my senses were assaulted by clouds of rusty-smelling marijuana smoke (I started to choke almost immediately) and the horribly dense, thick scent of rancid feces; I have acutely smelled foxholes full of dead bodies that were less offensive to the nasal cavities, yet most of the countless men there were laughing loudly and heartily eating their candy and popcorn items, all the while practicing intense and highly-audible flatulence, as if to see who could produce the most noise from their anal cavity.

Walking past the unending lines before the urinals I cannot relieve myself in front of others! I headed toward the old, spotted toilet stalls (someone had apparently tried to rip all the doors off their hinges years ago), and was utterly shocked to see, sitting at a small table just beside the last urinal, a bathroom attendant, complete with towels and a shoe shine kit! I could see that he had half of an old cigar box on the table (he was an old black man), which looked to be completely filled with trinkets, buttons, broken toothpicks and even soiled prophylactics. One young black, after pissing an unending yellow stream on a strip of wall between two urinals, wiped his excessive member off with one of the towels and threw it into the cigar box. The old man smiled and thanked him.



I managed to squeeze inside a stall and do my awful business (being repelled by the moving of my own bowels, I try to hold it off as long as possible — sometimes as long as two or three weeks — but this day it could not be avoided — get it?). Almost twenty minutes later, after I had finished, I heard a most horrible gagging coming from the next stall (by this time most everyone had cleared out). Upon washing my hands, I noted that the bathroom attendant was not at his table, and that there were two pairs of shoes sticking out from under the noisy toilet stall, one pair facing the nearest wall and one pointing in the opposite direction. I didn't care to investigate any further and, upon turning to leave, saw a sight I suppose I shall never forget: apparently unable to find an empty stall, an unshamed midget had hoisted himself up and was sitting in one of the urinals, smoking a long cigar and spitting, and making offensive grunting sounds while dangling his tiny trousers around his size 2½ Keds. With that, I all but ran out of the men's room and into the auditorium.

Finally, the film started up: it was some brand-new and immediately obscure little item entitled **THE SCUM PEOPLE**. Unfortunately (or perhaps the opposite is appropriate here), I was not long for that movie theatre, and never did finish the screening.

Although the film had already begun, there were several patrons who insisted on playing their portable tape players at near-earbursting levels, so after a moment the projectionist compensated by turning up the volume on the soundtrack of the film. This went on until the noise in the movie house was almost deafening, which somehow caused the multi-nationalized children in the audience to jump from their seats and run rampant around the theatre auditorium shouting, "Mee-mee-mee-meel!" as if they were on fire. This caused their parents to laugh loudly — the film trying to run all the while — as they threw pennies at their little sons and daughters, treating them as moving targets; most of the coins bounced off people's heads, and when the occasional patron would sustain an eye injury in this manner, loud laughter and hand slaps could be heard over the victory.

Meanwhile, it seemed that **THE SCUM PEOPLE** was a grainy ass-held camera production about a family of ultra-poor folk on Skid Row who had a literally countless number of children; kids by the dozen constantly passed in front of the camera, as the fat greasy father (who changed lightbulbs for a living) was forever farting (always getting a child in the face, which seemed to be the running gag) and blowing snot from out his nose by pinching the opposing nostril. The mother was a bag-lady, who would repeatedly beat other such decrepit women with her plastic K-Mart shopping sacks, proclaiming, "This is my corner!"



The filmmakers who actually go unnamed in the film's credits seemed to have been producing a half assed attempt at social pathos here, as all family members are forced to wipe themselves with their own clothing! "You think we can afford ass-wipe?" Mr. Scum would scream with venom at several complaining children. "What do ya think we are, the goddam Rockefellers?" I but, by mid-way through the film, seem to be laughing at these people, and it was to my ultimate horror and disgust that I viewed the film's apparent director come on the screen to explain that the extreme human depravity depicted in the film was in fact real, and that "the Scum Family" (as he so jokingly referred to them) were in truth a real-life family who had agreed to be in this documentary. "What started out as a terribly touching human interest story," explained the director, as the title MR. X flashed on the bottom of the screen while he spoke, "turned into a comedy! I mean these people are scum!" he said, laughing.

Well, needless to say, I was appalled! Even if it all were a joke, I found it unspeakably offensive! However, most of the audience were no longer paying attention by this point, as various theatregoers were walking about the crowded room, talking loudly to one another, completely ignoring what was on the screen. What did these people pay their money for? I asked myself incredulously. To talk to their neighbors? Two young men were even throwing about a Frisbee, and one of the persons who owned a tape recorder turned it up to the max, getting a couple women to dance with him in the aisles to the banal beat of the Negroid rhythms, enticing them on with shouts of, "C'mon, Mama!" It was precisely at this point that the projectionist cranked the soundtrack up to its highest possible decibel, causing the theatre speakers (not to mention my earholes) to very audibly pop, as Mr. Bojangles called up to the projection booth, "Hey, dere, White Boy! Toin dat shit down!" I turned around to see the projectionist press his stiff middle finger against the glass, as the dancer stated matter-of-factly, "You is dead meat, Mistah White Muddahfuggah!" as he lept up the aisle with a basketball player's stride.

I turned back to the screen, horrified, while all around me people laughed and sat backwards against the tops of their seats to get a better view of the approaching slaughter; I even heard some people making bets as to which man, if either, would live past the next five minutes.

Oh, please God, I thought, let me get out of here in one piece! Or at least make this all a horrifying dream! But, alas, that was not the case.

On the screen now, Father Putrid had received a phone call from his well-to-do uncle in Boston: the uncle had an acquaintance who'd recently been viciously struck down by an out-of-control 7-Up truck. "Come on out here!" urged the farting father. "I've got a great deal!" The relative lived in a small section of Boston, and it was when he dressed up as a carnival barker (complete with bushy moustache and straw hat) and pitched the sight of his comatose friend to the residents of his small town that I got up to leave, absolutely amazed and incensed that such inhumanity be present within the same family.

But, before I could even squirm out of my row of seats, I heard a horrid scream come from the booth, as the film suddenly broke on the screen. I turned around to see the black man beating the projectionist over the head with a large, hour reel of film.

That was when everyone in the place scattered, some laughing, some screaming, but all heading for the doors. I looked to the screen to see a man being chased across the stage by a huge policeman, who was swinging a club and saying, "Stand still so's I kin smash you, you sonuvabitch!"

Well, I shot up that aisle like Camera on speed! In the lobby I saw people charging the large glass street doors, breaking one of them. One person was even vomiting, for some reason.

Outside the theatre, a couple paddy wagons drove up, out of which jumped a couple dozen cops, all grinning insanely, resembling wild animals about to kill and feast upon their prey; one of them even intoned, "Let's get 'em, boys!"

After a moment, I heard screams coming from inside the movie house, as the police were happily performing their civilian duties. On the marquee a theatre attendant was changing the title of the now-showing movie to something called COLOSTOMIES ON PARADE.

When I asked the manager why the film had been changed after only one day of its run, he replied, "Why, isn't it obvious? THE SCUM PEOPLE is simply too controversial a film; it's inciting riots!" as if I were the stupid one. ★



Battlin' Beauties AND Bitches

by Kirk Gilfillen

My name is Kirk Gilfillen and I've been at the helm of W.A.W.A.M. (Women's Amateur Wrestling Association of Howell) for 12 years now. But let me start at the beginning:

While attending elementary school back in the Fifties, I witnessed my first girl fight. It wasn't much of a fight since the victim was no match for her teeny opponent. After the loser had stopped fighting, the upper-grade girl continued to verbally and physically abuse her. For some reason, that experience was my first turn-on.

As soon as I was old enough, I began searching out all the adult book stores in the Times Square-42nd Street area of New York City, which was only a short subway ride away. I bypassed the straight porn, the gay stuff and even the live sex shows. I was looking for material that dealt with a female who interacted with another female in a threatening or cruel manner. This included female wrestling and boxing, B&B (bondage), and S&M (abuse, humiliation, torture, etc.) Forced lesbianism, too!

The very first magazine I bought was called BEYON. It had photos of nude women wrestling and a great story of a fight between a "good" girl and a "bad" girl at a private girls' school. Just as the good girl wins, they are discovered by the Headmistress. The good girl is sentenced to a peddling to be administered by the bad girl. I loved it!

I also began ordering material by mail thru the ads in the magazines and my collection began to grow. As of now I have 283 stories and cartoon stories, 184 books and paperbacks, 246 magazines, 219 booklets, 205 films and 16,078 photos. Now that I have a VCR, I'm starting a collection of VHS tapes.

During the late Sixties and early Seventies, I thrilled to such movies as GUNN'S DINKS and TEEN, BAREN REAPER OF THE DIL SUKINS in the sleazy 42nd Street theatres. I mail ordered lots of material but found that the ads promised much but delivered little. My collection was growing but I wanted more and better material. Therefore, in 1976, I created W.A.W.A.M. I started out with my first 35mm camera and my first female fighter, my wife Terry. Since then, I've photographed the pro, amateur, go-go dancers and my favorites - the girl next door types. The mothers and daughters whom you would see on the street or meet in the stores. In fact, I've photographed a mother and daughter who have had catfights and a grandmother who wrestled and boxed! [My photos have appeared in WOMAN WRESTLER, BATTLING BITCHES, VICIOUS WIXENS, FIGHTING GALS MONTHLY and DRACULIMA] In addition to photos,

I also produce my own movies and write my own stories. I also have an artist who draws illustrations. So after being active for 24 years in the field, I continue to satisfy my perverted little fetish not only legally but creatively! (I don't care what the Government Reports on the Effects of Pornography say -

to this day, I have not beaten up or raped even one woman who didn't ask me to) You can order custom material or you can order stock from my collection. Just send \$1.00 (overseas-\$2.00) and tell me your interests. I'll send my current list and a sample photo. My address is: Kirk Gilfillen/ Box 18/ Howell, N.J. 07731. Over the years, I've played amateur psychiatrist and tried to figure out why this female vs female fetish excites me. Perhaps because I'm shy and was not too popular with the teeny boppers. Since I couldn't get back at them myself, I could fantasize about stranger girls punishing them for me. But who cares what the reason is? I enjoy it and that's what counts!"

SCANDALOUS! SCREAMINGLY! FUNNY!

SENSUOUS



SUSPENSEFUL

SEX
HORROR



SPICY
STRANGE



SEXY

HORROR
THRILLING
EXCITING
HUMOROUS
SURPRISING

The PEEPING
PHANTOM

THE PEEPING
PHANTOM



FILMED EASTMAN COLOR 35 mm.